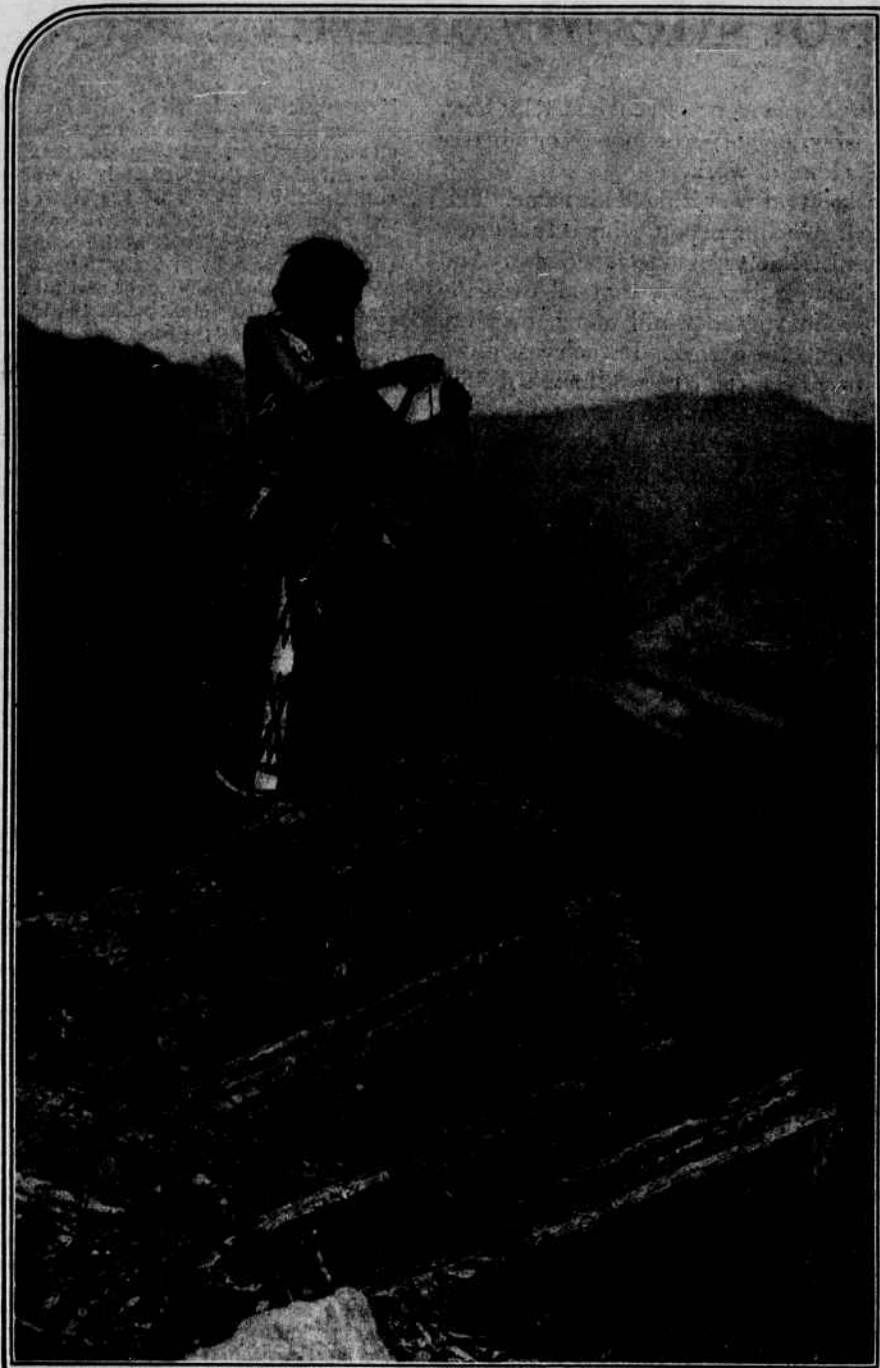


Lo, the P



Photograph from Great Northern Railroad.

YOU'VE got to get over that old war-whoop idea of lo, the poor Indian. Senator Owen of Oklahoma is part Indian, and he never scalped anybody in his life. Mrs. Woodrow Wilson is a descendant of Pocahontas; but John Smiths are being hanged every day, and she doesn't do a thing about it. The new era for the Indian dawned with Lincoln's refusal to order the execution of 300 Indian braves whom a military court had condemned to death for murder. Since then we've discovered that all the red man wants is to be treated like a white man.



YOU might think that this noble red man was delivering a note to the Kaiser: as a matter of fact, he is engaged in coaching the football team at Washington State University, for which service he receives \$5000 a season. He is William H. Dietz, and he was born in a Sioux Reservation tepee. His father, however, was an engineer, and educated him in Chicago, where he specialized in football and art. When he isn't engaged in coaching he is working at his art for the movies. Think of a descendant of Sitting Bull coaching a grandson of General Custer how to smash the rival tackle on the nose.

Photograph from B. H. Smith.

IF you are tired of your art-nouveau drawing-room, ask Mrs. Angel De Cora Dietz to transform it to a wigwam. She has charge of the art department of Carlisle College, having learned her trade at Carlisle, Hampton, Smith College, and later under Howard Pyle. She got her start in life when she was kidnapped, against her will, from her parental wigwam by a recruiting agent, and wheedled into going to the Carlisle Indian School.

Photograph from B. H. Smith.



THE Hon. Houston B. Teehee would have been heap big chief a hundred years ago, with two dozen turkey feathers in his cow-lick. Now he's heap big chief as the Register of the Treasury in Washington. After eighteen years on a farm in Oklahoma, and then after courses in the Cherokee Male Seminary and the Fort Worth University, he clerked in a store, was cashier in a bank, and at last got into politics. You may think there is something laughable about his name—Teehee. But when you see it on a dollar bill, it's no joke.

Photograph from B. H. Smith.

WHEN a papoose has an ambition to be an interior decorator or an opera supe, Charles E. Dagenett will get him a job. Or, on the other hand, if you want an Indian to add local color to your old-fashioned garden, write to Mr. Charles E. For seventeen years he has been employed in the Indian service, and now he is the national supervisor of Indian employment. We wonder what jobs he has secured for all the wooden Indians that used to stand in front of cigar stores.

Photograph from B. H. Smith.

